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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (NEW-YORK) *Tuesday*, APRIL 29, 1806.

The Wasp—*Revived.*

BY ROBERT RUSTICOAT, ESQUIRE.

"To lash the rascals naked through the world."

The Coalead.

CANTO II.

Continued.

LEAVING the coat to each the owners,
In full possession of their honors;
(For, while with skirts the devil run,
The upper part the man put on;)
Turning, I say, from such dire clatters,
Let's think of more important matters.
When Burr appear'd a candidate
For honors, in his native state,
No scheme or art was left untried,
No powerful effort unemployed,
To pull this adversary down,
And raise a creature of their own:
Hence dark intrigue was bellow'd forth,
Throughout the state, from south to north;
Suspicions whisper'd, to alarm
The people of impending harm:
Each sneaking democratic whelp,
Of fell intrigue began to yelp,
So loud that honest folks in fact did
Believe the creatures half distracted:—
He intrigued for chair of president,
And private letters, too, were sent;
The thing, says Daggerman, I know—
The underpuppies yelp'd, bow, wow!
There's Green was sent, express, below;
Here is the letter—bow, wow, wow!
A full year's salary, or so,
Burr spent by agents—bow, wow, wow!
Presumptive evidence will do
To prove him guilty—bow, wow, wow!
He's intricate and deep, I trow,
Who can explore him? bow, wow, wow!
If we elect him, Oh, Lord! Oh!
We all are ruin'd—bow, wow, wow!
We all are on the pivot now;
The gulph is yawning—bow, wow, wow
Fell misery appears below;
Keep back, oh, mercy! bow, wow, wow!
Oh, save yourselves, I'll tell you how,
Vote, vote for Lewis—bow, wow, wow!
Thus yelp'd the bull-dog from below,
As taught by greater dogs to do.
Whether this bark was true or feign'd,
Need not at present be explain'd.
Those not too much amaz'd to hearken,
Thought there was game with so much barking.

To strain our metaphor the higher,
With so much smoke there must be fire.
But when, by sacrifices great,
Their man was rais'd to chair of state;
When these disorganizers found
He stood on independent ground;
How soon a dismal change was rung!
Down, Derry Down, was loudly sung.
Oh! why did we support this man?
He's false, he's no republican;
He has deceiv'd us; foil'd our wishes;
Depriv'd his friends of loaves and fishes;
His son-in-law; Oh, monstrous shame!
Avanc'd to honor and to fame.
Says Daggermen, you may depend on't,
He means to act now independent;
A monstrous crime against your worship,
For which the wretch deserves the horse-whip.

Be that your task, replies ******,
Lay, lay it on, spare not a bit;
Wince him, and gall him, til the blood run,
There cannot be a greater good done.
What, not come under my controul!
I hate the fellow from my soul;
Not hearken to our mild direction!
Infidel run mad with the reflection,
Vote for the obnoxious charter, too!
'Tis base, 'tis vile; what shall I do?
Cannot we raise an insurrection,
To bring the creature to subjection?

Quoth Daggerman, your honor knows
How zealous I have been; what blows
I have sustain'd on ev'ry side;
Enough to toughen any hide;
And still I'm ready for a battle
Of any kind, with any cattle;
But, ah! I fear the case is gone,
Unless more weight is added soon.
I went, myself, last winter, hot as
Hasty-pudding, but no notice
Was taken of me or my suit,
No more than if I'd been a brute;
The charter pass'd, before my face,
By fed'ral influence, Oh, disgrace!
For which, if I forgive that wretch,
May I upon the gallows stretch.
Another thing was lately done,
Which we can make a handle on;
One of our kidney, late has been
Repriev'd, as all the world have seen;
Fool, that he did not slily creep
And stab the child in time of sleep;
Escape detection; then no blame
Or infamy could blast his name:
A genuine tenet of our party,
As ever came from ancient Sparta.
Here, then, are two enormous crimes,
Which I can swell as large, ten times.
When these have undergone extension,
I'll conjure, from my own invention,
A dozen more; for when I am wroth,
I can produce a frightful mammoth;
A panther, lion, or a bear,
To strike his coward heart with fear.

Well hast thou said, replies ******,
The matter thou hast fairly hit;
But still, I fear; for something dreadful
Destroys repose, and fills my head full
Of frightful images, by night,
And demons haunt me, out of spite;
For late, behold, I seem'd to stand
On nothing, 'twixt the earth and land;
I strove to mount, but all in vain;
My own weight pull'd me down again;
Nor could I reach the plain below;
I was upheld and kept just so:
Uneasy in this situation,
I strove to make loud lamentation,
And call my friends to my assistance,
Whom I discovered at a distance;
But, ah! my last and only hope,
My voice was gone! a deadly ****.
And what affrighted me the more,
When I awoke, my throat was sore.
What can such horrid dreams portend!
What indicate? speak out, my friend.

Quoth Daggerman, it might be vain
For me this business to explain;
Because the road is bad and miry,
We cannot reason *a priori*;
But if you will not take't amiss,
I'll make out an hypothesis;
My own opinion briefly state,
How dreams and visions operate:
Suppose a man promotion wanted,
And for some good fat office panted;
Suppose his plans maturely laid,
All circulating in his head;
Would not the grand idea remain,
The foremost one within the brain?
And, bearing universal sway,
Be restless night as well as day?
And when sage reason was asleep,
The miscreant idea would creep
By stealth, in fancy's brighter room;
There diff'rent hues and forms assume;
Nor do I doubt but fancy may
Sometimes the real truth display;
But, since our reason's in a trance,
This surely must result from chance.
These things laid down, let's cast about,
And try to make the matter out:
Your hanging up, at any rate,
'S advancement to the chair of state;
You could not mount; 'tis thus expounded—
Your hopes and wishes there were bounded;
Nor could you reach the earth again;
That's glory permanent; 'tis plain;
Uneasiness and lamentation,
Must be, rejoicing in your station;
'Tis one of fancy's opposites,
In which this airy jade delights;
You saw your friends; and then, your wishes
To call them, means the loaves and fishes;
Your voice was gone; this, I expect,
Means, you yourself would not direct
The affairs of state; but let your friends
Advance, at least, their private ends;
Your throat was sore; this I allow,
Is intricate, and puzzling too;
Before you went to bed, you caught
A cold, which settled in the throat.

Tis well, replies the great compeer,
With threat'ning aspect, and a sneer;
The hypothesis which thou didst make,
Is "false, and built upon mistake."
Who told thee, thou abandon'd elf,
That I design'd to raise myself?
Who put this in thy crazy brain?
Retract, nor speak those words again.

Thou mak'st the matter ten times worse,
By process most ridiculous.

I ask a thousand pardons, sir,
'Twas not my meaning to infer
The least design, upon your part,
To raise yourself by fraud or art.
Good day; your worship seems offended
At what your servant ne'er intended.

No, no—quoth he, I hasty spoke;
I'm not offended; that's a joke;
'T was done to put thee on thy guard,
To keep our secrets ever barr'd
'Gainst vulgar curiosity,
Forever ready with a pry:
Keep them as close as hidden treasure,
On penalty of my displeasure.
'Tis true that chief must be supplanted,
For I have long his station wanted;
But, ah! the shifts, to which I'm driven,
Are nauseous in the sight of Heaven;
The system of our politicks,
Is much like papal holy tricks;
As to these visons of the night,
I hold them in a diff'rent light:
Indeed, my friend, I find in one sense
There is a viper, men call conscience,
Which interrupts all social feelings,
And haunts us in our private dwellings;
Sticks to the heart, do what we will,
The little miscreant is not still;
And notwithstanding I've avow'd
Modern philosophy is good,
Nay, much to be prefer'd to th' old,
This is a point I cannot hold;
That I've no conscience, no philosopher
Can e'er convince me of, or gloss over;
All syllogistic art's in vain;
The argument's against the grain;
Feelings convince me of the thing;
And I have felt that viper sting.

Quoth Daggerman, with your permission,
I'll state a simple proposition
Or two, to make the matter clear,
That conscience is a bugbear mere—
A little, frothy, airy creature,
Non-entity in every feature;
A jack-o'th' lantern in creation,
Solely deriv'd from education;
But first, that we may not mistake,
A simple postulate I take;
An axiom which the christian fry
Cannot, with all their skill, get by;
With all their sophistry to shackle
The mind, yet all men are born equal:
Suppose a man, we'll say your honor,
The fact is so, was bred and born here,
Brought up by some indulgent hand,
In this enlighten'd, christian land;
Each week day then sent forth to scool;
On Sunday heard some arrant fool
In th' pulpit preach a dismal story,
'Bout death and judgment; all before you
Had sense enough to understand,
Or know the right from the left hand;
Was taught, in what is call'd the beauty
And excellence of moral duty;
Heard daily, from some creature's tongue,
This thing was right, and that was wrong;
That murder was a horrid thing,
For which the culprit has to swing;
That though he might escape detection,
In this world, could not in the next one;
That he who robb'd the man of bread,
Who sav'd a father from the dead,
Was void of every tender feeling—
A harden'd and ungrateful villain;
That slander, lies, and vile abuse
Of virtuous men, had no excuse;
That there were jails, and chains and fetters,
For those who plunder'd cash from letters,
Or robb'd the public revenue,
By any means, of its just due:
This man would thus, in our own sense,
Be furnish'd with a thing call'd conscience.
Now let us take another creature—
Me, if you please, in state of nature,
Among a people void of arts,
And all things else, but natural parts;
Say I was taught, from early youth,
That things were false which we call truth;
Those things were good which we call evil;
That there was neither God or devil;
That murder was benevolence,
In its natural and genuine sense;
That he who did abuse a trust,
Was perfectly upright and just;
That he who broke a neighbor's letter,
And took out cash, could not do better.
Thus have we form'd two men, apart,
That learn'd, this destitute of art;
Suppose such principles took root
In the same soil—what is the fruit?
How diff'rent would their conduct prove:
This one would hate what that would love;
This thing is right; 'tis wrong; and each
Wou'd then about his conscience preach;
Therefore, 'tis vulgar stuff and nonsense,
To say there's such a thing as conscience,
An airy, senseless, moral fiction;
Absurdity and contradiction;
A whim, which though believ'd in common,
Is only fit for an old woman.
Now I'm in my opinion strong,
'Bout what is right, and what is wrong.
In ev'ry case the rule applies—
The end the means still justifies.
Where is the harm of shedding blood,
To bring about a greater good?
Who can a better judgment make,
Than he whose interest is at stake,
Wherein this greater good is plac'd,
And when it ought to be embrac'd?

I like thy arguing, quoth ******, in
Transport; this is highly fitting,
In present state of our affairs,
Which an uncommon aspect bears.
Lets have him out; no matter how;
Use foul if fair means will not do.
A grand conclusion thou didst draw;
The premises have scarce a flaw.
Perhaps no nation e'er existed,
With principles so strangely twisted;
But now, that we our time may save,
The present argument we'll wave,
And think of what's of more importance,
Viz—th' improvement of our fortunes:
Meantime, be not remiss or slack;
But set invention on the rack;
Leave not a stone unturn'd to rout him;
Hiss, hoot, say any thing about him;
Rouse all our pow'rs and storm his castle;
And let us be reveng'd for past ill.
Exhibit to the public eye,
The Hydra, aristocracy;
Call ev'ry ghost of faction down,
And drum the miscreant out of town.
Practise the principles and rules,
Imported from the Gallic schools.
These, these, my friend, abide the test,
And serve our purposes the best.
The silly people are entangled
Most easily, with things new fangled;
Behold them daily led away,
By passing doctrines of the day;
Each numskull, ere he learns to read,
Adopts, *sans* scrutiny, his creed;
Discusses fully every topic,
Political or philosophic;
In points by none e'er comprehended.
He thinks at least as all great men did.
By this grand secret of our art,
Each skilful leader plays his part:
Whoe'er obtains the name of Great Man,
His fortune's made, in spite of fate, man;
But to the present work my friend,
Let ev'ry pow'rful effort tend;
That Chieftain must, by fraud or pow'r,
Prostrated be, to rise no more.
I have a thing in contemplation,
Which will insure my elevation;
Should every other effort fail,
This pow'rful engine will prevail;
And notwithstanding all his forces,
This mind is pregnant with resources.
To you I will not now disclose
This last resource against our foes;
'Twould fill thy soul with strange amaze,
Though practis'd long in knavery's ways;
But you, my friend, continue still
To be the organ of our will;
Nor is this more than what you ought;
For, recollect, that you are bought;
On you, my friend, I place reliance;
Exert your force, and bid defiance
To all the powers of opposition,
Who dare to stand in competition;
With types and printing presses arm'd,
What wonders have we not perform'd.
Oh, glorious thought! what cruel stripes
Have been inflicted by your types;
What plans accomplish'd; what designs
Are laid in little simple lines;
Indeed, it may be truly said,
Where erst was blood, now ink is shed.
Tremble, ye wretches, stand in awe;
Behold the Ægis of our law!
What deity or demi-god,
But waits the terror of our nod?
Typography! how shall I raise thee?
Wherewith shall I find words to praise thee?
Oh! glorious and immortal art!
The heavens shall like a scroll depart;
Millions of ages shall be number'd;
When Gaffer Time himself has slumber'd;
Thy great inventor shall survive,
And e'en eternity outlive.

(To be continued.)

Probably after the election is over, the editor of the *Albany Regiſter* will come forward with ſome elucidation of the late coalition of the *Burrites* and *Clintonians*. Hitherto his friends have complained of his taciturnity; but he is a wiſe man who knows when to keep his mouth ſhut. Jugglers have been known to clap a padlock on thoſe whom they found neceſſary to aſſiſt in their tricks. The public are very anxious to know whether General Bailey really ſaid ſuch things to Mr. Swartwout as the ſaid Mr. Swartwout relates, or whether he the ſaid Mr. Swartwout "miſunderſtood" the ſaid General Bailey.

Communication.

FOR THE BALANCE.

MORE importance perhaps is annexed to the election of the members of the next Legiſlature than is juſt. Whether *Lewisites* or *Clintonians* prevail, and have the greateſt ſtrength, what has the public gained? If the former obtain the aſcendancy, there will be a change, which can hardly be for the worſe; but where is the ſolid and permanent advantage? Though a dangerous ariſtocracy may be broken, one of whom has been governor of this ſtate 21 years, and another has had the choice of what offices he pleaſed, and has held ſeveral at the ſame time; yet another is likely to ariſe and may be equally durable. The happineſs of the people may be diſregarded as formerly; faction may ſucceed to faction, until the people, worn out with continual diſturbance and confuſion, ſubmit to any uſurper who is daring enough to offer himſelf. Thus it has been in

France, and thus it has been in every period of the world.

Let it be ſaid, at the ſame time, that a change is eligible, and will be the means of prolonging our liberties. New men will not be ſeized with the ſame ambitious views as thoſe who have been long in power; and the very example of a change will, in ſome meaſure, deter them. It would be ſtrange, if a man having been accuſtomed to military command, and poſſeſſing a high civil office for 21 years, ſhould not, and even the remoteſt branches of his family, begin to think that they had a *hereditary* right to govern. Inſtead of wondering at this, we ought rather to wonder that larger and more rapid ſtrides have not been made. It can be accounted for in no other way than, that with the ambition, they wanted the talents of a Bonaparte or a Caeſar. Ambition, though generally the paſſion of great men, yet is known ſometimes to dwell in little and ignoble hearts. Cataline and Robeſpierre were ambitious; but Caeſar and Bonaparte were both great as well as ambitious.

Conſidering, however, that one man is already called the FIRST CONSUL, that he poſſeſſes ſeveral offices, and a large revenue in the city of New-York, with a powerful influence, there is ſome apparent danger. Nothing ſeems to be wanting, but a bold attempt with abilities to ſupport it. We have ſeen him remove one man from office and promote another—we have ſeen him attach to his intereſt men as profligate as *Talleyrand*—We have ſeen him order a *coalition*, and then diſannul it—we have ſeen him ſpurn a propoſal to fix his ſalary at a generous ſum and to give the overplus to the poor—we have ſeen him do ſuch things as to make us fear that he may do more. A ſalary of 5000 dollars is ſurely enough for him, and he might have been allowed more and ſtill there would have been a handſome ſum for the poor; and the taxes on the city of New-York would have been lightened. But covetouſneſs and ambition are never ſatisfied. By the turning of his finger, this "burly and big" Mayor could have brought his tools into the meaſure. They underſtood his ſign and voted accordingly. His income is now as uſual, and is conſtantly increaſing. Whether he will be able to make himſelf the firſt man or not, it is certain that his revenue is among the firſt in the United States.

BRUTUS.

Editor's Cloſet.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"Really, ſir, I can give you no certain information as to the perſon whom the *Cheethamites* will run for next governor. You have heard the three names which have been mentioned; but whether the Judge, or rather *executioner* of Mr. Purdy, or whether the other Judge whoſe acts are written in the Chronicles of the council of appointment, or whether the third gentleman when he *ſurveys* the whole ground, will be ultimately the candidate, I have not the ſlighteſt conjecture. Much will depend upon the ſtuff of which the next legiſlature is made. It may be that the FIRST CONSUL himſelf will think it neceſſary, in caſe of difficulty, and in order to ſave the ſtate from impending ruin, to ſtep forward and offer his ſervices. Among the various offices which he has held, and now holds, he never has been, *nominally*, Governor.

"The greateſt ſquabble, I apprehend, will be about the office of Lieutenant-Governor. Meſſieurs *Peck* and *Comſtock* are (it has been ſaid) both looking for it. I do not believe that Mr. *Johnſton* aims that way; as he muſt be ſenſible, that in the council of appointment he was only the ſhadow of Mr. Comſtock. Nor do I believe that Meſſieurs *Shepherd & Mott* of the aſſembly, aſpire higher than to a ſeat in the ſenate, and court of errors; and perhaps to the power of diſtributing offices. The circumſtance of the former taking his name from the addreſs ſigned by twenty-ſeven members of the legiſlature, ought not to be conſidered as concluſive; becauſe he took his name off before the addreſs was printed, and he ſigned the oppoſite one, which he liked better, time enough before it went to the preſs. This independent and honeſt act cannot be conſtrued as a ſolicitation for an office.

"I feel for the preſent Lieutenant-Governor, leſt he ſhould not have any offer of advancement, or of holding again the ſame office. Unleſs he is raiſed, it ſtrikes me as injuſtice to put Mr. Peck, or Mr. Comſtock, or Col. Rutgers, or any other man, into his place. Notwithſtanding the great eſtate and vigorous exertions of the laſt gentleman to have the recorder of the city of New-York removed, I am not convinced of his ſuperior pretentions. Eſtate is often an accidental thing; and the exertions which Col. *Rutgers* is ſaid to have uſed in the removal referred to, may have been in obedience to his commanding officer. "You did right, ſaid my uncle Toby, as a ſoldier, but not as a man." I will anſwer your other queries in my next."

Joel Barlow.

The democratic papers ſay, that Mr. Barlow, at a public entertainment, has denied the charge, *that in a letter which he wrote while in France to a man in New-York, he ſpoke of "the damnable mummery of the Chriſtian religion."*

Having it in our power to ſhew *why* Mr. Barlow makes this denial, we think it our duty to do it for the information of the public.

We ſtand ready to prove, that a letter with the ſentence abovementioned was received by a gentleman in New-York, from Mr. Barlow, while he reſided in France.

That one or more copies of that letter were taken at the time, the correctneſs of which can alſo be proved.

That Mr. Barlow, on his return from France, finding the letter had excited the indignation of every honeſt or pious perſon, ſolicited and obtained the original from his friend.

Having ſecured this important document, Mr. Barlow doubtleſs thinks *all is ſafe;* but he is miſtaken. Whenever he will put his denial in print, under his own ſignature, or bring the charge to the teſt in a court of juſtice, we will go into our proofs.

A correſpondent remarks that Capt. Holt ought to be a little charitable, when ſpeaking of the holiday-indiſcretions of others; for it is very eaſy for a miſchievous fellow to throw *brandy* into another's *wine* at the feſtive board. If the captain does not underſtand this alluſion, he can have it fully explained by almoſt any member of the Hudſon Mechanic Society.—"Somebody *(hiccup)* has put brandy *(hiccup)* into my wine." Poor fellow!

The ſtring of paragraphs in the Bee, relating to "Crazy Bob," reminds us of the Iriſhman's ſong, which he ſaid had *thirty-two* verſes, and every verſe was *juſt alike.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORYDON'S" Song in the next *Wreath.*

Other communications neceſſarily poſtponed.

Monitorial.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

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Extract from the Miscellaneous Companion by William Matthews.

MAXIMS AND THOUGHTS.

IF a poor, wavering, and unfaithful human being would gladly attain an idea of an adequate inducement to self-mortification and virtue; where will he more easily find, or how could he *wish* more easily to find it, than in the doctrines of the gospel of Christ?

They hold out, to the truly *humble*, the gracious promises of peace and tranquility in the life which *now is*, and the infinitely more glorious promises of an eternal life to come!—And that with an authority and plainness, no where else to be found!

The bulk of mankind seems pretty uniformly of the judgment, that they shall be ultimately dealt with according to their works, whether they shall have been good or evil:—But notwithstanding this belief, and this verbal confession, it is an unhappiness very general, and much to be lamented, that they are "living as without God in the world"

So far are many men, eminently gifted, from occupying with the talents of grace committed to their trust, that they seem more concerned to hide them in the earth (by works of darkness and sensuality) to their great reproach, and the greatest of all danger!

They seem so unmindful of the solemn day of retribution, as very seldom to think upon it with seriousness.

"I know," said Job, "thou wilt bring me unto death, and to the house appointed for all living." This acknowledgment, founded so fully on the convictions of every day, surely is the least that might be expected from every being, who is himself the helpless object of such an operation!

Not this acknowledgment merely in a man's words, but a most tender and earnest solicitude is necessary, respecting an event which must separate his soul from his body, and bring him, in all his imperfection, to the most piercing scrutiny, and the most just decision!

The fading enjoyments of the present world may satisfy, for a moment, those who are regardless about their future existence in one which is eternal:—

But of all possible enjoyments here, there is none which can bear a comparison with the enjoyment of that internal *light*, that passeth all the understanding of disobedient men.

It is an enjoyment which gives to the mind of man the most delightful sensations, but cannot be described to the full.

The mind which has learned to delight in divine contemplation, and the love of the author of its being, has the most adequate, and indeed the only true and feeling conception, of "the lifting up of the light of the divine countenance," in the inward firmament of the soul!

Congress.

MR. RANDOLPH's SECOND SPEECH.

MR. Chairman—I did expect, on coming to the house this morning, that the friends of the resolution under consideration would have brought forward some arguments to shew (what they have studiously avoided) that the ability to coerce Great Britain, is within the compass of this nation's power; that this power ought now to be exerted and that the proposed measure is equal to the desired effect. It behoves them to demonstrate all this before they ask for our support. I did not come down to the house with the expectation of listening to a gross misrepresentation of my expressions yesterday—loose and desultory as I allow them to have been: much less was I prepared to hear such misrepresentations from the lips of aged men, whom I have treated with invariable and guarded respect; between whom and myself there has long existed a political friendship—real on my part, apparent on theirs. I did not indeed expect to hear particular expressions, used by me in the ardor of debate, broken and culled from their connecting members, and mutilated and tortured into meanings which cold-blooded malice alone could have devised. Sir, in this way of proceeding (without intending any profane comparison) the bible itself may be made to preach atheism—to declare that there is no God *"The fool saith in his heart there is no God."* Taken together, it is wisdom; dismember it, it is impiety.

It has not been denied by any member on this floor that the carrying trade, that the commerce and navigation of these states, ought to be protected. The only question is *quo modo?* Have you the ability to protect them by war, and are they of sufficient value to justify the expense of such protection? We say no; they cannot pay for so dear a defence, rich as they may be; but above all they cannot repay us for the loss of our constitution; it is above all price. We go farther: we affirm that trade is now protected by the most efficient means within our power, by discriminating duties, laid by the votes of southern men; and yet, sir, we are threatened with schism, with a dissolution of the union, if we do not adopt particular systems, devised by chance, begotten of ignorance or imbecility. Are these the *mild* and *conciliatory* plans and ideas of which gentlemen boast? Is this mildness? Is this conciliation? Is this peace? The gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Smilie) with a face of wondrous importance, tells you, that by the constitution we have power to raise and maintain armies, to build navies: from which he draws the inference that (under whatever circumstances, I suppose) we must actually do what the constitution allows. And yet that gentleman, in former times, voted with us against armies and navies! Let him justify himself, if he can, upon his new principles. I repeat it, if the unjust aggressions of a foreign nation, if indignity and insult, abroad, are always to produce war, the gentleman was criminal in refusing support to administration in 1798. Yes, you were then compelled to drain the cup of humiliation to its very dregs. Did he put the cup by? Did he vote for the fleets and armies, or a suspension of commercial intercourse with France? What was the French edition of the law of nations then? that a bale of British manufacture, (without any question of enemy's property) should be subject to seizure and condemnation. And what was the British doctrine in 1798? That France was (with one sweep of the pen) in a state of siege and blockade, and that American flour, &c. should not be carried there at all. And yet against these principles and practices, preposterous and injurious as they were, we did not go to war; at least the gentleman was opposed to such war (if war it may be called) as was waged.

But whilst I acknowledge the carrying trade to be valuable to a certain extent, I must, unless I abandon every pretension to the character of a politician, act on existing circumstances, on things as they are, not as I believe they ought to be.—In casting about, the first thing, (or one of the first) to be considered, is revenue. Almost our whole revenue is derived from commerce; that is from the domestic consumption of imports from abroad.—How much comes from the carrying trade? Your statements I am told, say 800,000 dollars. But if our whole consumption were imported in foreign bottoms the impost would exceed its present amount by eleven or 1,200,000 dollars. I warn gentlemen against a misrepresentation of this fact. Am I therefore desirous to gain this increase at the expense of our navigation? Far from it. It would be to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. But what is this branch of the carrying trade, for which gentlemen would sacrifice not only our whole navigation and commerce, but agriculture and the constitution of the country? Look at this trade which is to be guarded at every risk and the men who follow it. Do they carry our products abroad and bring back goods for home consumption? No, they plunge their hands into your pockets for drawback—during this very session they threatened to plunder the treasury of millions, by a bill happily arrested on its passage. If our fair trade is not protected how comes it, that it has grown with a rapidity before unheard of in any age, unknown in any nation?—That growth has been nourished by protecting duties, fostered by our neutral position. We are the real friends of your navigation. It has grown beneath the shade of discriminating duties, flourished in the sunshine of the neutral character, with the first blight of maritime war it dies.

I am accused too with stigmatizing the merchants of the United States. I deny the charge. Every profession and calling of human life is disgraced by unworthy members. The law has its pettifoggers, the church its hypocrites, medicine and politics too sir, have their empirics—and if there be two professions in the world, which can be selected for a tendency to develope the pre-existing germ of imperfection planted in our nature, they are the profession of the lawyer and the occupation of the trader. And wherefore? Because they open the widest field of temptation. The wisest prayer that ever was or can be devised for human infirmity, is that which teaches us to deprecate such trials: "We beseech thee lead us not into temptation!" What is the fact?—Whilst we boast of our honor on this floor, our name has become a bye-word among the nations. Europe, and Paris especially, swarms with pseudo-Americans, with Anglo and Gallo Americans, and American French and English, who have amassed immense fortunes by trading in the neutral character, by setting it up to auction and selling it to the best bidder.—Men of this description, scriplings without connection or character, have been known to buy rich vessels and their cargoes in Amsterdam and Antwerp, and trade with them, under the American name to the Indies. Neutral character has constituted one of the best remittances for colonial produce, or the goods which purchase it; and the trade in this commodity of neutrality has proved a most lucrative branch of traffic.

This it is that has sunk and degraded the American name abroad, and subjected the fair trader to vexatious seizure and detension. But I am asked, if we shall submit to a tame and dastardly abandonment of our rights? And by those too, who have made a cowardly surrender of our best interests and our honor when we were well able to have maintained them. I beg leave to reply to this question by asking another. Are you prepared to assert them? To go all lengths to enforce them? in what consists true dignity?—In vapouring in the newspapers? In printed handbills & resolutions? Or in taking ground which you can and will maintain, which no change of fortune shall compel you to desert? *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.* Does the gentleman want a translation? Here is one truly American—"*Stick or go through.*" This is true dignity; can he give a better definition? And what constitutes false dignity? Playing the part of a Bobadil—bullying England and truckling to Spain—I beg pardon, there is *no* Spain; bullying England and truckling to France. This you have done—you know it. When gentlemen tell us of their willingness to publish our proceedings, why do they not clear the galleries and take off the injunction of secrecy? Let their private vote correspond with their public profession. And let me tell the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Smilie) that I would rather have his vote than his speech at any time. Who would suppose, if he had not averred it, that he held silence and good sense in such high respect, that he preferred the calm decisions of quiet wisdom, to the effusions of empty gurrility.

The gentleman from New-York has told us, that after the call of the executive to firm measures, he did not expect this opposition. And does he call

this a firm measure? What would have been a firm measure? An embargo. That would have gone to the root of the evil. But that, sir, would not have suited your proteus politicians. There would have been no evasion of that. But your slippery mercantile eels can slide over or under this provision, and leave the whole burthen of suffering to fall on the planter, the farmer and the real American. The whole revenue (we are told) is derived from commerce. Who pays it ultimately but the consumer, and with as large a profit on the merchants' advance on the duties (often a mere advance of credit) as he receives from any other part of his capital. These new ideas of firmness are either above or below my comprehension. And because we are anxious to see the public debt paid off and the true interest of the nation maintained—because we will not abandon the plough, and struggle to restrain executive influence, we are charged with hostility to all commerce, with insensibility to the honor of our country. When our doors were shut—this is no breach of confidence—one of my colleagues called for the reading of a message from the President, soon after he came into office. It was the most severe and cutting satire that ever man listened to. I say it was a bitter satire on your proceedings then and now. It recommended the application of our resources to a speedy discharge of the public debt, a rigid adherence to specific appropriations—tying down executive officers to the letter of the law, restricting them to the literal objects and amount of our appropriations.—What is the commentary? In time of peace, (for I trust no one will call this wind-mill attack on Tripoli *war*) the expenditures of the navy department (so far from each item of expence being limited by the specific appropriation for that object) have exceeded the gross sum appropriated for that branch of public service *sixty per cent!* And if this is a specimen of the yearly cost of the hulks rotting in the mud, what estimate can you make of the disbursements in time of war against a powerful maratime state—when your 74's are ready for sea! This is naked truth. It rests on figures—if it be not true, how comes it that we have passed two appropriation laws to the amount of 600,000 dollars, during the present session, to cover the navy deficiences of the last year—almost the only bills that we have passed? Yes, sir, I am for paying one debt off (the cost of a former war) before I enter into another and score up a second I confess myself to be among the number of those politicians (gentlemen may stile them visionary if they please) who hailed the President of the United States as the political Messiah, sent to convince an unbelieving world that a debt once founded, might be paid off, without the intervention of a sponge. If in this I was visionary, at least I was not alone. The promise has been large, the nation calls for its performance. Look at the measures of the government, and when you reckon the Louisiana debt, that created under the British treaty and some others, it will appear that you have nearly scored up as much new debt as you have paid off of the old. I speak of principal; paying the interest of a debt is not diminishing it—and my friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. J. Clay) must have taken the interest into his large account of yesterday. The amount of principal redeemed is less than 18,000,000. If gentlemen deny this, let them refer to the treasury statements laid before us at the opening of the session, or call upon the head of that department to state the amount of debt paid and created, within the last five years. But you will be told, for your money you have value received, at least. This I freely acknowledge, I would have given the sum for the Delta of the Mississippi, if it could not have been honorably acquired for less. Of whom did we purchase—from Spain, who had wrongfully withheld our right of deposit? So far from it, that we tell her she has yet to make satisfaction for that injury and insult; we bring it into account against her. No, sir, we purchased from France, the rightful proprietor, against whom we then had no subject of complaint.

I am accused by the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Smilie) this I suppose is a specimen of his candor—I am reluctant to say any thing whilst he is absent—I am sorry he has fled his seat)—of designedly passing over one of the most important considerations presented by the present subject—*the impressment of our seamen.* And yet what did that gentleman tell you? That he himself (long as he had trespassed on your time) had been compelled to omit many important things, that he intended to say. This realizes the proverb. "One man may steal a horse, whilst another must not look over the hedge." I will tell the gentleman, if I did omit this topic, I had scarcely thrown myself into the carriage that conveyed me home, before I recollected and regretted it. The gentleman may say what he pleases, but he never had, no man ever shall have cause to upbraid me with flinching from any question that may be bro't on this floor. Now, sir, let gentlemen lay their hands upon their hearts and answer sincerely if they do believe this resolution has the power to take one American seaman out of a British ship of war? Are gentlemen hostile to impressment, and yet friendly to a naval war, to systems which must eventuate in the introduction of this system at home, in the subversion of our liberties? Let them examine the profound argument of Judge Foster on this subject. They will find that G. B. is compelled to resort to it, to maintain her naval power and her existence. And it is because I am opposed to resorting to the same expedient (for will any man pretend that a great navy can be manned without recurring to it?) Because I think it abhorrent to the genius of a free people, that I am against rushing into that naval war, into which gentlemen wish to precipitate us. No, sir, you cannot command seamen for your navy, in time of war, without impressment. The wealth of Croesus could not sustain the expence, and even if that objection could be removed, the operation by enlistment is too tardy to meet a sudden emergency. If you have difficulty in procuring seamen to serve in the Mediterranean, what will be the case in a war against England. With all their bravery many a man who would willingly meet the corsairs, or even the Dons and Monsieurs, would feel reluctant to be led to battle against a British fleet—and why, sir? Because waving other considerations, a great proportion of our seamen are foreigners—natives of G. B. who still feel predjudices for their parent country. Yes, sir, the character of the American seamen, like that of the neutral trader, too often eludes our grasp. The moment you make war, much more if you resort to impressment, the American sailor vanishes: he becomes a subject of Denmark: with the first frost, he disappears in a night.

But if I did not misunderstand the gentleman from Pennsylvania, he said that I had treated the House in a manner of which, sir, I trust I am incapable of acting towards any Assembly, much less one of your dignity. Am I indeed, so ignorant of the feelings of man? Of the character and composition of this House? No, sir, I have spoken of certain projects and their projectors in language such only as I think they deserve, and in which, claiming the same liberty which that gentleman urges and exacts, I will ever speak of such absurd & fantastical systems. The authors are no doubt interested in diffusing the ridiculous burthen of their disgrace as widely as possible. I cannot blame them for it, sir; 'tis natural to wish for partners in our shame. But the great political sin, for which I have been denounced by the gentleman from Pennsylvania is the opinion which I have expressed of a certain book; which seems to be his political Bible. And, sir, he would have me considered as an inconsiderate person who would not scruple to call Locke a dunce, Newton a driveler and Franklin a journeyman printer; and in an oracular saw he has pronounced that this book will live when he and I too, sir, are laid in our graves. But when he considers his own age and the frailty of my constitution, he will confess that he has allowed but a short span for the existence of his favorite work. But even though it should live when we are wasting in the silent tomb, there is nothing in my composition that aspires to being considered as its author. Who is the author? Does the gentleman know? Must we have semi-official authority, even for a title page. No, sir, whatever others may think, I have no ambition to have written such a book as this. I abjure the very idea. Unless my understanding has abandoned me, it involves an abandonment of the very doctrine for which the writer contends. Sir, the very cursory view which I took of this subject yesterday will compel me into some repetitions, but I must beg to be indulged in some additional remarks. What is the doctrine?

"In times of peace among all nations their commercial intercourse is under no other restrictions than what may be imposed by their respective law, or their mutual compacts. No one or more nations can justly control the commerce between any two or more of the others.

"When war happens between any two or more nations a question arises, in what respect it can affect the commerce of nations not engaged in the war?

"Between the nations not engaged in the war, it is evident that the commerce cannot be affected at all by a war between others.

"As a nation not engaged in the war remains in the same relations of amity and of commercial pursuits with each of the belligerent nations, as existed prior to the war, it would seem that the war could not affect the intercourse between the neutral and either of the belligerent nations; and that the neutral nation might treat and trade with either, or both the belligerent nations, with the same freedom as if no war had arisen between them. This, as the general rule is sufficiently establised"

Here is a faint endeavor to establish the principle that free ships make free goods, but the writer, as if despairing of his ability to affect it, goes on to say —"But inasmuch as the trade of a neutral nation with a belligerent nation might in certain special cases affect the safety of its antagonist, usage founded on the principle of necessity has admitted a few exceptions to the general rule"—"usage" founded on what? reason? right?—no, sir, on that law which admits nothing to controul it—"necessity," that cannot stoop to argument. If once you admit that necessity ought, can, or does establish exceptions to this broad rule, do you not admit all the British doctrine requires? But, sir, it will be said that the sole legitimate proof of this necessity is *usage.* But usage must have had a beginning, and the small protection which this argument affords is thrown away by the subsequent admission, that a change in circumstances (*"in the course of commerce,"* for instance) will justify a departure from established maxims, will warrant the commencement of a new usage—As if all the articles contraband of war, were minutely specified—and by a change in the maxims and implements of war new and more terrible instruments of annoyance should be fabricated; would they not fall under the head of contraband? And is it not demonstrable that a direct trade to France, in gunpowder, or any other article contraband of war, would be less beneficial to her and less injurious to her enemy, than the colonial trade now in dispute? and is not (according to this writer's acknowledgment) the lesser principle involved in the greater? Am I therefore the apologist of England? I scorn to boast of my patriotism—it is indigenous. And when I am reduced so low as to plead to the charge of want of love to my country, of natural affection to my birth-place, my pride will tell me to bid you farewell, to go home and hide my shame. Am I the apologist of Britain, because your cause has been weakly defended, or treacherously betrayed? No, sir, this "Examiner" is her apologist. I have not minutely dissected the work—there was no occasion for it. It is something like the edifice we inhabit.—'Tis hardly worth while to be examining friezes and cornices, and architraves, and stucco work, when you know the foundation to be rotten, whilst the building is tumbling about our ears, and we are obliged to seek refuge in another. It is not, indeed, sir, worth while to consult the orders of architecture in a miserable card house of an argument, which the first puff of wind must demolish.

Sir, the admission that a change of circumstances will justify a departure from the established maxims amongst nations, was an unnecessary and fatal concession, not called for by the nature of the case. —What "is the course of commerce" now? Totally changed in a few short years. The marine of France, Spain and Holland, whether for the purposes of trade or war, is no more. They have no longer navigation, or navy. Again, amongst a load of quotations from Grotius, and Puffendorf and the Lord knows who, we are told it is the duty of the neutral to observe the strictest impartiality, "to behave himself alike to both the belligerent parties." But is it to behave alike to both parties to carry for him who cannot carry for himself, to throw the Ægis of neutrality over a commerce which he can no longer protect to save him all the danger, expense and risk of convoy and war insurance? this is a hollow, Delphic reciprocity; reciprocity to the ear, but not to the sense. If you carry contraband, or attempt to enter a blockaded

port, you are liable to capture.—Why? because justified by necessity.

(To be continued.)

From our Correſpondent at Waſhington.

CAPITOL, Wedneſday, April 10.

I now incloſe you a copy of a reſolution moved in the Houſe of Repreſentatives yeſterday by Mr. Jackſon of Virginia; which paſſed the houſe without taking the yeas and nays.

Tueſday, April 3, 1806.

In Houſe of Repreſentatives, on motion of Mr. Jackſon,

Reſolved, That the Secretary of the Treaſury be requeſted to communicate to this Houſe any information which he may poſſeſs in relation to an application ſaid to have been made to draw money from the Treaſury for the purchaſe of the Floridas before an appropriation made by law for that purpoſe.—Agreed to.

[*N. Y. E. Poſt.*]

Selections.

Mr. John Randolph. It is reported that this gentleman lately waited upon Preſident Jefferſon, and enquired very particularly reſpecting the expected return of James Monroe, our ambaſſador to Great Britain. Upon which Mr. Jefferſon aſked Mr. Randolph why that circumſtance intereſted him ſo much. Mr. R. anſwered that he wiſhed Mr. Monroe to be held up for Preſidency at the next election. The Preſident replied, that he had ſuppoſed the Virginians would ſupport *Mr. Madiſon* for that office. Mr. Randolph haſtily rejoined, "I know not how that may be, but for my part, I want no more of your *Philoſopher Preſidents*.

REMARK.

If the language here aſcribed to Mr. Randolph is not good ſound *federaliſm*, then we and our readers have all along miſunderſtood each other, as to what good ſound *federaliſm* is. No, none of your *Philoſophic Preſidents*. Plain, practical good ſenſe in the adminiſtration of government, is worth all the *philoſophy* that the moſt ſublimated genius France could boaſt during the whole revolution.

[*E. Poſt.*]

FROM THE UNITED STATES' GAZETTE.

By the following extract of a letter from New-York, dated April 8th, it appears that Mr. Jefferson's district judge and attorney are still going on in a way to furnish ample amusement to all such as can find amusement in proceedings which reflect disgrace upon the whole country, as well as upon the particular agents and those under whose authority they act.

"You are already informed that the Grand Jury have found bills againſt five perſons of whom S. W. O. and Col. S. are two. The latter being in execution under the proceſs of the Supreme Court of the ſtate, the whole of the morning has been occupied by the court in endeavoring to fall upon ſome plan to take him from the cuſtody of the ſheriff, and to bring him before the court to charge him on the indictment. The defendant's counſel have remained perfectly ſilent, giving the diſtrict attorney, however, and the court, to underſtand that they proceeded at their peril, and the Sheriff declaring that he would not give up his priſoner unleſs indemnified by ſomebody. At laſt an act of congreſs was found empowering the judge of the circuit court to iſſue a *habeas corpus ad teſtificandum* directed to the Sheriff, &c. commanding him to bring the priſoner into court, &c. This was accordingly iſſued, and this afternoon the Sheriff came into court accompanied by Col. S. As ſoon as he appeared, the diſtrict attorney ordered the clerk to arraign him on the indictment. To this his counſel objected, declaring that the whole proceeding was irregular; that no habeas corpus ad teſtificandum could regularly be allowed, unleſs there was a trial to be had on an *iſſue joined*; that there was no iſſue joined upon any of the indictments found, and therefore the law cited did not authorize the judge to allow this writ; that if the writ had been iſſued regularly, it was merely *ad teſtificandum*, and to pervert it to any other uſe, would be a trick upon the party and upon the judge who allowed it; that it would be highly derogatory to the dignity and juſtice of the country to deſcend to a trick, in order te execute its laws. After ſome argument the judge declared he would not ſuffer the defendant to be arraigned while attending under the habeas corpus ad teſtificandum, and he was accordingly diſmiſſed; but before he had time to get out of the court room, he was arreſted by the marſhal on a warrant founded on the indictment, and was again brought before the court. It was ſtated that he was now before the court, not by virtue of the habeas corpus, but under the warrant, and of that opinion was the judge. Col. S. was then charged and plead in abatement, in writing, that there was illegal evidence laid before the grand jury when deliberating on the bill found and which he ſtated to be the examinations and depoſitions taken in March. Mr O. filed a ſimilar plea. The court were then about to adjourn when the diſtrict attorney moved the court that Col. S. being now before the cour', be committed to the cuſtody of the marſhal. The court ordered him to be committed accordingly. The ſheriff declared he was his priſoner. The judge replied, "I cannot help that—I ſit here to ſee the laws of the United States executed; I have therefore ordered the priſoner into the cuſtody of the marſhal. If you claim him, you and the marſhal muſt ſettle that between you—I have nothing to do with it."——In other words, you are two executive officers, you may contend for the priſoner, and the ſtronger take him!! The ſheriff however ſet off with Col. S. with as much ſpeed as poſſible, and before the marſhal could get out of court, was, beyond his reach.——Thus ended this day's buſineſs."

FROM THE SAME.

The following letter from New-York dated April 10th gives a farther account of the proceedings of the circuit court on the affair of the Leander, The editor of this Gazette presents his sincere thanks to the gentleman to whom he is indebted for these interesting details.

"The diſtrict attorney, yeſterday morning, filed general demurrers to the pleas in abatement of the defendants: they joined in demurrer, upon which he moved for leave to bring on the argument of the demurrer. The defendants aſked the court to indulge them with a little time to prepare for the argument, as it was impoſſible for them to foreſee what courſe the diſtrict attorney would take as to their plea, whether he would demur or take iſſue upon it. The diſtrict attorney oppoſed the application for delay, declaring that the plea was a frivolous one, filed merely for delay, and that the court would give no indulgence to the party filing it. In reply, Mr. Colden, one of the defendant's counſel, declared, that however frivolous the diſtrict attorney might conſider the plea, the counſel for the defendant had full confidence in it; that the arguing of it would preſent to the court a queſtion of equal importance perhaps with any that had been diſcuſſed in it: whether the grand jury was an arbitrary, deſpotic tribunal, ſuperior to all law, or were bound in their deliberations by thoſe rules of evidence, upon which the liberty and ſecurity of every man depends? that he entertained a hope, whenever the queſtion ſhould be argued of being able to convince the court, *to convince even this court*, that the plea was good. The Judge called upon Mr. C. to explain what he meant by the words "*even this court*," which he had laid ſo much emphaſis on, ſaying, that the only conſtruction the court could put upon them was, that this court had acted in this buſineſs partially and improperly, and that it would therefore be more difficult to convince it than it would be to convince any other court. Mr. C. ſaid that what he had ſaid, he had ſaid, and that if the court put improper conſtructions on it, he could not help it. The judge ſaid if he did not make ſome further explanation, or apologize for the expreſſions he had uſed, the court muſt conſider him in contempt and act accordingly. Mr. C. declared he could make no apology, whereupon the court ordered him to be committed for contempt. While the clerk was writing the order, Mr. Colden after conſulting with his friends roſe and declared to the court, that by the words "*even this court*," he meant to imply, that as the judge who now preſided was the ſame before whom the original examinations had been taken, he might be ſuppoſed to act under the influence of former impreſſions, and that it would therefore be more difficult to convince him, than a judge who had heard

nothing on the ſubject; and that he intended no contempt of the court. With this the judge declared himſelf ſatisfied, and annulled the order for his commitment. After ſome other obſervations on the ſubject of poſtponement, the judge granted it until afternoon and no longer. The demurrer was argued in the afternoon with great ability. The Judge will give his opinion this day.

"In the afternoon the grand jury came in, and handed a paper to the court. The judge aſked them if they had gone through their buſineſs, and being anſwered in the affirmative, thanked them for their faithful attention and diſmiſſed them. On opening the paper, lo! it was a preſentment againſt the judge, charging his conduct in taking the examinations in March, with being arbitrary and ſubverſive of the firſt principles of law and liberty! It is ſaid, that the judge having read the paper did not hand it to the clerk, but kept it in his own poſſeſſion, ſo that the contents are only known from what has come out from ſome of the grand jury."

FROM THE ALBANY GAZETTE.

In the Albany Register, of the 11th inſt. is the following ſtatement:

"THE laſt of the ex-ſecretary having held a caucus at Lanſingburgh with Dickinſon, Dole, and other ſtaunch feds, was naturally to be expected after he had been expelled from office for his infidelity to the republican intereſt, manifeſted by joining the federaliſts laſt winter to eſtabliſh a third federal bank in New-York, and by aiding the paſſage of that bank through the aſſembly after it was proved to the world that it had been carried thro' the Senate by the corruption of old Purdy.

"The caucus in Lanſinburgh was for the purpoſe of concerting ſchemes to defeat the republican ticket in that county."

The above ſtatement as far as it reſpects me, is a moſt groſs and notorious falſhood. I never was at a caucus or meeting with Mr. Tillotſon in Lanſinburgh or elſewhere, in the whole courſe of my life: nor have I any knowledge either directly or indirectly of ſuch a meeting as Barber mentions, being held by any perſons whatever. But to give Barber an opportunity to clear himſelf of the imputation of a public ſlanderer, I hereby engage that if he can produce the teſtimony of one ſolitary individual, to prove that I have directly or indirectly, concerted any ſcheme (as he calls it) with Mr. Tillotſon, to defeat the republican ticket in this county, or that I ever converſed with him, directly or indirectly, on the ſubject, or ever made a propoſition to any perſon or perſons to intermeddle with, or to ſupport or oppoſe any ticket whatever at the enſuing election in any manner, either directly or indirectly, I will pay him the ſum of *One Thouſand Dollars*; if he does not (and I well know he cannot) what muſt every man, not ſo depraved as himſelf, think of a printer, who to ſerve the purpoſes of a corrupting and corrupted faction, daily ſtuffs his columns with wilful and know falſhoods.

J. DOLE.

TROY 11th April, 1806.

NOTE—The detection of chairman Purdy was not wanted to convince thoſe who know the leaders of that party, that ſelf intereſt was and always has been their governing principle; hence their ſuſceptibility to bribery; but for *ſome* of the authors, promoters and creators of the State bank to prate about bribery and corruption, is an evidence of impudence rarely to be met with. It is not yet forgotten how the ſhares of that *pure* inſtitution were diſtributed and diſpoſed of in this village—by whom and on what conditions; nor am I backward in thus publicly declaring that I can prove by the teſtimony of reputable electors, that bank ſhares were offered to perſons in this county, to procure votes for.....; as ſenator, while his election for that office was pending; yet we ſee Barber's columns weekly ſtuffed with clamour about bribery and corruption.

J. D.

[I have it in contemplation to publish ſome knotty queſtions on the ſubject of bribery and corruption, and the State bank. More of this hereafter.

Edit. Bal.]

Hudſon, *April* 29.

Be it our weekly taſk,
To note the paſſing tidings of the times.

This Election

Is important for ſeveral reaſons; and we have juſt ground to hope, that its reſult will be highly favorable to good principles.

In New-York—three diſtinct tickets are nominated—the firſt purely federal, and compoſed of men holding the moſt exalted rank in ſociety—(their names were given in our laſt)—the ſecond is compoſed of men who are friendly to the preſent adminiſtration of this ſtate, and is conſidered as a very ſtrong ticket—the third is made up of the ſect uſually called Clintonians or Cheethamites, and is ſaid to be *weighty*. Here they are:—

Lewiſites	*Cheethamites.*
For Aſſembly.	
Thomas Storm	Henry Rutgers
James Ferris	Samuel Ruſsel
Theodorus Fowler	Arthur Smith
Cortlandt Van Beuren	James Warner
William Cutting	John Bingham
Peter R. Livingston	Wm. W. Gilbert
Joshua Barker	Benjamin Ferris
Robert Gilchriſt	Clarkson Crolius
William Kibbee	Francis Cooper.
For Congreſs.	
John R. Livingston	George Clinton, jun.
Gurdon S. Mumford	Gurdon S. Mumford.
For Senate.	
J. Ward, of W. C.	
J. D. Ditmis, of Queens	

The federal ticket will undoubtedly ſucceed.

Strange as it may ſeem, it is nevertheleſs true, that Cheetham openly recommends a re-union of the Clintonians and Lewiſites, as the only probable mean of preventing the aſcendancy of federaliſts.

Sedition.

Whenever we have room, and a little leiſure, we ſhall take notice of the late *indictments for Sedition* in the Diſtrict Court of the U. S. in Connecticut. At preſent we can only mention, that the Hon. Tapping Reeve—the Rev. Mr. Oſgood, and Mr. Collier, printer, at Litchfield, have been indicted in the ſaid court, by a democratic grand-jury, under the direction of his honor Judge Edwards, for libellous publications and ſeditious words againſt the President of the United States. Mr. Oſgood, on being arreſted, failed of procuring bail, and was imprisoned from Saturday until the Monday following. The ſedition for which he was indicted, was the preaching of a Thankſgiving ſermon.

☞ *This Day, the Election commences.*

Nominations.

Columbia county—for congreſs.

ROBERT LE ROY LIVINGSTON.

For Aſſembly.

ANSON PRATT,
PETER SHARP,
ELISHA GILBERT, jun.
GAIUS STEBBINS.

Middle Diſtrict—for Senators.

JAMES BURT, of Orange
ELISHA BARLOW, of Dutcheſs.

☞ No federal candidates for Senators.

TO THE PUBLIC.

My old friends of the Bee Office have ſtrained at a gnat and ſwallowed a camel.

THEY have erred more in over-charging the Bee with perſonal invectives againſt R. L' R. Livingſton, in a moral view, than he has done, probably, in all his life.

I am not a particular friend of the Livingſtons, or their favorite. As I diſlike deſpots, they of courſe do not like me; but I find that wealth makes ariſtocrats in every country, and in every ſociety, whether religious or political. I have no wiſh or intention to favor the election of Robert Le Roy Livingſton, more than that of James I. Van Alen; but being acquainted with Mr. Livingſton for near ſixteen years, and living the neareſt neighbor his father had, for about nine years, during which time Robert was intimate and nearly conſtantly with me—from this circumſtance alone, I feel it an incumbent duty on me, to declare that, altho' he was guilty of ſome foibles, as we all are by times (for who amongſt us are without our faults) yet I never before this knew him by the appellation of Crazy Bob—or Debauchee; and as he is a ſingle man, I am obliged to further declare, that I never knew him to be drunk or a drunkard, or need the aſſiſtance of a phyſician or medical aid. This, I preſume to ſay, is not the caſe with ſome others.

G. CRAWFORD.

Hudſon, 26th April, 1806.

Wreath.

FOR THE BALANCE.

ODE TO MAY.

COME lovely *May*, best child of spring;
Resume thy sway; and with thee bring
Thy brother health; a welcome guest,
With whom I oft would share thy feast.

Again prepar'd to own thy sway,
Old earth anew bedecks thy way:
Again the tyrant's ruthless reign,
That bound the land and held the main,
Is broke.

Then, goddess, come; nor, ling'ring, stay,
When God and nature point the way;
Come deck our fields in flowrets gay,
And dress the copse to musick's lay.

With balmy sweets, in wooing gales
Breeze o'er the hills; while in the vales
Thy soft luxuriance warms my heart
By ways unknown, untaught by art.

Bid Flora's train, a genus fair,
The choicest sweets of spring prepare;
While from the grove the songster's lay,
Will chant thy praise, and hail thy stay,

Resistless love, whose tender pow'r
In splendid dome or humble bower
Alike endears; this month is thine:
And may sweet love with joys combine.

And when chill age shall change by time,
My spring of life to winter's clime,
May heav'nly hope, that rigid day,
Spread o'er my soul her second *May*.

MILO.

FROM THE UNITED STATES' GAZETTE.

Mr. Bronson,

The following *jux desperate*, suggested by a review of certain *doings* at Washington, is very much at your service.

SOME wicked people in creation
Have ridicul'd administration,
But if the whole truth were unfurl'd,
They're not the worst men in the world;
They lack but two things I suspect,
Viz.—*honesty* and *intellect*.

Yours,

BOB SHORTABOUT.

Miscellany.

FOR THE BALANCE.

A DREAM.

THE Sun had gone down. Fatigued and weary with the toil of the day, I had once folded my comfortable Blanket, spread it on the floor at the end of my room, and therein couched myself for rest. Not long had I thus lain, when my eyes were closed in slumber. Methought, I saw before me a personal representation. Its figure beautiful; its mien enchanting; its movements graceful and elegant, and its tone of voice pleasantly lisping. While it stood I wondered. It spake and my fancy was enraptured. It moved and I admired. It beckoned and I followed. It led me into a path winding and strewed with thistles, where thorns and briars were on every side. It then disappeared. In this labyrinth of torture, methought, I awoke when a soft small voice whispered me, "the object thou hast seen is flattery." At this I groaned aloud, and my eyes opened. Immediately I mustered up, fought a certain Book, wherein I found this text: "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips."

OSCAR.

Literary Notices.

MR. J. Osborn, of New-York, has just published, in a neat volume, Dr. Aikin's "Letters to a young Lady, on a course of English Poetry." The following commendations of this work, appear in the English Reviews:—

"A kinder task could not have been undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation, than that of pointing out those portions of English Poetry most deserving the attention of a young lady, the characteristic excellencies and defects of each writer, and the order of reading best adapted to form a correct and unbiassed taste. The reputation of Dr. Aikin, as a judicious and impartial critic, is such as will inspire his fair pupils with respect and confidence, and the public voice will probably echo our assurance, that they could not have found a safer or more pleasing guide through the flowery paths of poesy."

AGAIN—"With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance, of the writer."—*An. Rev. Vol. II.*

"Dr. Aikin's literary popularity is well merited. The unaffected purity of his style, the judicious precision of his taste, the benevolence of his morality, ought to endear his production to the parent and to the pupil. To the readers of English poetry, these letters will form a welcome present. They will recall to notice, and prompt a re-perusal of many excellent and instructive pieces. They will abridge the labor of the novice, by teaching where to skip. They will embolden the incipient critic, who finds, on consultation, his sympathies corroborated. They may prepare, what is much wanted both for foreign and domestic circulation, an Anthology of our minor poets, from which the weeds of Parnassus should be thrown aside forever."—*Crit. Review, Third Series, Vol. I.*

"If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications in a very favorable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts his fair pupil (whom, by the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relation) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite citations."

AGAIN—"Dr. Aikin's letters will doubtless have the honor of introducing many elegant females to a just acquaintance with the English poets."—*British Critic, Vol. XXV.*

☞ The abovementioned work may be had at Croswell's Bookstore, Hudson.

The trial of Judge Chase, is now published at Washington, in two large octavo volumes, at 5 dollars. The work is said to be an impartial and faithful performance.

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